

“Now fly Bajan! Fly up and touch the sky! Now you are too far, come back!” shouted Karam. But, of course, he could not. He flew out of the big top over road and into someone’s house, straight into the ceiling fan...

“Pop!” “What’s that?” I say as I turn around. But I don’t see anything but my plain vanilla room: my bed, my curtains, my rug, my everything. Then I look up. “Ah!” I scream. My heart is pounding like a bullet train. There’s a little furry thing on my ceiling fan. I stick a stick up there and try to poke it. The thing moves. It jumps onto my stick with a popped balloon on its back. Gradually I stick my hand up there and touch it. The soft fur makes my hand tingle with excitement. It licks me. My heart races and I grab a chair. I place the chair under the fan and pick it up.

“I’ll name you Pop, after the balloon.” I say, “My name is Liz”, petting Pop’s furry head. “But first I am going to take you to the doctor” I said fondly to Pop. I brought him downstairs to show mom. “Hey Mom, you know how you said if I started middle school at a real school I could get a dog? I changed my mind. I want Pop,” I said, looking straight at her. She didn’t even pick her head up from her sewing. My mom owns a clothing company for babies called “Falling Roses”. I said, “Look.” She slowly looked up. “What is that?!” she screamed, looking directly at Pop. “This is Pop,” I said firmly. “First I will take him to the doctor to get the adoption forms.” “Tomorrow I will take you but first get some sleep,” my mom said, yawning. I went upstairs and made a little bed for Pop out of pillows and blankets. I tucked him in. “Good night,” I said to Pop and fell fast asleep.

I awoke around 5:35 a.m. because Pop was jumping on my face, rubbing his tummy. I sat up and grabbed him, clutching him tight to my chest. I took him outside for a bathroom break. I brought out some Wheaties for Pop to eat and he gobbled them all up. Pop and I played the whole morning until it was time to go to the veterinarian. As soon as I took Pop in

he started chatting with other animals. The doc called his name and we went into the room. I filled out the papers and it turns out Pop is a lemur! "I am very surprised he was so good to the doctor," I told my mom as we got into the car.

When we got home there was a notice on the door. I looked at it. On it was a picture of Pop and a wanted sign. "I wonder who this is from," I say as I turn over the sign. On the back it says: "Lemur Named Bangle Missing. If You See Him Report Him Immediately." After that it gives a telephone number and in big, sparkly yellow letters it says Bajanis Turkish Circus.

I quickly picked it up and showed it to mom. "Look," I said, showing her the sign. "I guess we better call them," she said. I was not too happy about this but I was reluctant to agree. We dialled the number and called. "Hello," it said in a thick Turkish accent. "Hi," we replied. "I think we found your lemur," I said. "Great, bring him on over," the weird voice said excitedly. I could imagine him rubbing his hands together greedily. We drove over to the circus tent. There was a man in a turban waiting for us. I jumped out and went up for a handshake.

"My name is Liz," I said, taking his hand. Just then my mom came up carrying Pop. Suddenly the man said "Bangle!" and started talking in Turkish to him. Bangle, or Pop, as you might say, didn't reply. In fact, Pop looked very scared. He hid behind mom in an afraid fashion. "Thank you," the man said, "Now hand me Bangle." Mom tried to hand Pop/Bangle over to him but Pop jumped into my arms instead. I handed Pop over and the man started babying him. "Thank you," the man said. "My name is Karam. I can see that Bajan does not wish to live with me anymore so I make deal." I was so happy when he said that. "Deal is you can keep Bajan but he must perform in circus." "Yes!" I screamed really loud. Mom said that it was OK. I was so happy. We took Pop home.

Pop and I played and then Karam called. "Pop comes to me everyday with 1 to 3. Liz come too." Pop and I got in the car and mom drove us over. Karam was waiting for us. "Hi," I said stepping out of the car with Pop on my shoulder. He took us over to the big top. First we met Bick, the strong man who worked with elephants. Then the clowns, Caul, Paul and Lisbenon. Then we met the magician, Alecan. Alecan showed us how he could make two five-dollar-bills turn into a ten-dollar-bill. He gave me the ten-dollar-bill. After that we had to go learn the tricks for the show. They were having a show on Friday and I was supposed to be in it. Pop and I went over to the circus every day to practice our show. On Thursday we had our dress rehearsal. Pop gets to wear a turban and a little vest. I get a long orange gown that is very flowy and a pretty flower head piece.

It was the big day. Mom drove us over sometime around 2. Pop and I went in to check with Karam. After we checked in we practiced. Then we just fuffed about until the show started. I went to my dressing room and Pop followed. I helped Pop put on his clothes and then I put on mine. "Welcome to Bajanis Turkish Circus!" we heard come over the loud speaker. Then we heard the music which meant that the clowns were supposed to come on. I heard a bunch of laughs. The clowns were doing their routine where they stood on top of each other then they fell down. The music ended and all the audience applauded. Then came the magician. He did some tricks where he made an elephant disappear. Then he called someone from the audience to the center. He told the person to lie down on the table. The person closed their eyes. Alecan then made the person levitate. He set the person back on the table and then stood up and bowed.

Next came Bick. Bick picked up an elephant and set it on a teeter totter. He jumped on the other side and the elephant flew up in the air and then came down with a thundering crash. Bick and the elephant left and we hurried on. First I held a hoop of fire for Pop to jump

through. Then Pop and I did some back flips on trampolines. Finally we were done. Pop and I bowed and everyone else came back on stage. We all bowed and the show was over. Mom gave Pop and I some roses. "I can't wait to do it again," I thought, as I fell asleep on the car ride home. And it all started because of one little balloon. Pop.